

THE LEISURE HOUR

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"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Cowper.



IN SEARCH OF THE PICTURESQUE.

THE MAN IN POSSESSION.

CHAPTER XXXV.—FETCHING THE BAT.

WHILE Mr. Banaster was contending for the rights of his old friend's son, John was amusing himself with examining the curiosities of the place. The ladies were too much interested in their own concerns to miss him, and he felt much more at home in striding over the low walls and exploring the hidden nooks and corners where much care and wealth had been expended, but where now neglect was beginning

to tell its unkindly tale. To get the best possible view of the whole place, he went to the old avenue, and was walking backwards down its grass-grown path, his eyes fixed on the building, when he fell up against a lady, who was walking with her face in a contrary direction.

The lady, busy with a paper on which she was making notes, had not heard his slowly advancing steps; and not being given to sudden expressions of emotion, she did not exclaim when her pencil was jerked from her hand and she herself put in peril.

"Miss Tafflet!" cried John, at the same moment that she, her serenity being now overtaxed, exclaimed, "You—Mr.—"

"I am sorry—very sorry; I did not in the least know of any one being in the avenue: I was foolishly walking backwards," said John, picking up her pencil and returning it to her.

"I had just passed into it, not expecting to meet any one, certainly not *you*—Mr. John Trafford; for I was told it was never used as an approach," said Miss Tafflet.

"I think, Miss Tafflet, we may both say we were never less prepared for a meeting," said John. "I came here with Mr. Banaster to see the place."

"It's a fine place," said Miss Tafflet, heartily wishing she or Mr. Banaster had kept at home.

"You are not alone?" said John, as he saw a party approaching. "Why, certainly, that must be Mary," he cried, hastening forward.

One glance at Emmet as he passed, and he was soon in deep conversation with Mary.

"Aunt," said Emmet, her face glowing with delight, "Mr. Keriol says, if we venture so near the house, we shall be seen, and unless you like to go as a stranger and ask to see it—"

"I have no wish at all to see it," said Miss Tafflet, sharply.

"Oh, aunt! I think it's such a delightful place, and Mr. Stapylton has been showing us the fish-ponds, and—"

"Where did that young person come from?" interrupted Miss Tafflet.

"Mary? Oh, we met with her in Boulderstow, and we brought her here."

"To meet her brother, I suppose. The whole affair was planned, no doubt," said Miss Tafflet, sternly.

Emmet protested her ignorance and Mary's of John being there; but the idea had got fixed in Aunt Abigail's head, and there was no removing it.

"I think this is very fortunate," Mr. Keriol innocently remarked, as he came towards them. "I find young Mr. Trafford is here with Mr. Banaster; now if you two ladies and his sister like to go up to the house with him, Alan and I can wait down here: you know, it would not do for us to appear."

Miss Tafflet commanded her indignation sufficiently to give a sharp negative, and was declaring she had seen quite enough of the place, and she preferred returning, when Alan, who had broken in on John's conference with Mary with a very hearty recognition, came up, saying, "Miss Trafford wants to see the place, and Miss Tafflet Parva wants to see it; so they are going up with the hero of Boulderstow to be introduced to it and the present owners too, and I only wish I could go with them."

"We are going home," said Miss Tafflet.

"To dinner? For that I decidedly vote," said Alan, presenting his arm to Emmet to lead her to John and Mary.

"Let them go—pray let them go," said Keriol.

But there was no necessity for importunity.

Alan had carried off Emmet captive, and begging John to bring them back very soon, he proposed an adjournment to the carriage to solace themselves in their absence with the sherry and sandwiches which had been prudently provided.

The sherry was good, and the sandwiches were cut after the most approved style, under Alan's superintendence, and Miss Tafflet's temper was a little smoothed when she had partaken of both.

"What a very nice, handsome girl that is," said Mr. Keriol, after he had taken his second sandwich.

"Why ought she to be the best man in England's dessert?" said Alan, filling his guardian's glass, and offering the sandwiches to Miss Tafflet. "Give it up? Because she's a nonpareil. Very good that, and true, too—out and out."

There was nothing for poor Aunt Abigail but patience. "To-morrow," she thought—"off home to-morrow;" and with an occasional wonder that Emmet stayed away so long, she betook herself to comparing the old armorial bearings in the ornamental stonework with the thorough grammatical heraldic rule that should govern the Barons Dasset branch of the family of Tafflet.

"That 'cross moline gules' belongs to the Folvilles," she said; "and I don't believe any of the Folvilles ever came into the family. I found it on the old balustrade that leads to the terrace from the yew-tree walk."

"Perhaps the Folvilles made an attempt on the family, but were obliged to lay down their arms and run away," suggested Alan, who with some difficulty, now luncheon was over, restrained himself from following John and the young ladies to the house.

Miss Tafflet looked at him with a shade of displeasure: jokes on such a subject were no jokes to her.

"I could understand that young man, who has so singularly and, I must say, to me very disagreeably followed us from place to place—I could well understand his talking lightly of the distinctions of ancient lineage, but I cannot comprehend it in *you*, Mr. Stapylton," she said, looking at him through those gold spectacles, which always made her usually cold, severe, formal face much more cold, severe, and formal.

"He's a capital fellow, even if he doesn't know a griffin from a grampus," said Alan, quite unmoved by the censure conveyed in this speech.

"He is very respectable in his way," said Miss Tafflet, "and for his station I think he is well-behaved; but Mr. Stapylton, I am no confounder of ranks, I stand up for old institutions and for the privilege of high birth, which is an important one."

Alan, for amusement's sake, and to keep her patient during Emmet's absence, kept up a tilt with Miss Tafflet, much to the diversion of Mr. Keriol, who always enjoyed the display of his ward's ready humour in small talk, more especially as he had the art of preserving his own temper, and soothing rather than exciting that of his opponent.

As the sun had broken his pledge of a fine day, and it became cloudy and chilly, Alan entreated his guardian to drive home, assuring him he would soon follow with the two young ladies.

"Thank you, Mr. Stapylton," said Miss Tafflet, "but I prefer waiting for my niece; a seat with us will be better for her than an open carriage."

"Good," said Alan, who had no objection to a tête à tête with Mary; "then I will go and reconnoitre, and see if I can hasten them, or one of the finest blossoms of the family tree will be frost-bitten;" and taking off his hat, he made her a low bow.

Miss Tafflet returned his bow with a very dubious smile of acknowledgment, and Mr. Keriol charged Alan to be careful not to show himself, telling him to meet them with Miss Emmet at the west gate of the park, towards which the coachman was ordered to drive.

John had soon learnt from Mary the reason of her return to Boulderstow, and the way in which she came to accompany Emmet. He was sorry Captain Greenlaw had been so precipitate—sorry that she was evidently elated with hope, though she knew not what she hoped for. But he was glad, thankful, he had again met with Emmet, and not alone. His manner on the evening at Fothergill had shown her too plainly the state of his feelings for her; he felt this and regretted it, for, until he had a right openly to address her, he scorned the idea of working on her feelings merely to gratify his own. He had not, by any special word, committed himself at Fothergill, but the whole tone of his conduct had betrayed his heart; he could not help this, but he could help strengthening and deepening the impression, and, to succeed in this, he formed his resolve how to behave while conversing apart with Mary, who would have known why he took so much longer to understand things, if she could have seen the preoccupation of his mind.

His greeting of Emmet, when this conversation was over, was cordial and brotherly; she could not find fault with it. There was nothing formal, stiff, cold, nor constrained; but she was not satisfied,—she had looked for something different. She could not complain; but all the way up to the house, while he was pointing out to her, with special attention, the various points worthy of remark, she, not caring a pin for any of it, was arguing thus:—"He seemed as glad, more glad I thought, to see me than he was to see Mary. I suppose the old days are come back again, when he used to say I was his other sister; yes, but it was different the other night; he is never twice alike. Very well, what does it signify? Mary is always the same, and *she* is my friend; but I wish people would be always the same!"

The more earnest he grew about the place, the more indifferent to it she became.

"You are not half a Taffilet," said Mary. "This old moat, and the remains of the drawbridge, and that one ruined tower, covered with ivy, belong, as John says, to the early days of the family, before the great red house and all those buildings round it were raised. I suppose the place belonged to old Nathan then, didn't it?"

John laughed, and assured her that Nathan—he had heard it in his boyhood from Miss Taffilet too often to forget it—lived at Ab-nettercot.

"Where is that?" asked Mary, turning to Emmet, who was lost in an absent fit.

"Mary! as if you cared, or I cared, or anybody cared!" said Emmet, in a vexed and disgusted tone.

"There are the ladies," said John; "let me introduce you to them."

He advanced and presented Emmet first, as Miss Emmet Taffilet of Lee Point, and then adding, "My sister," presented Mary.

"You will walk into the house," said Miss Honoria with dignity; "we were about to do so," she added, as John explained that the carriage was waiting for them, and they had only walked up to see the house.

"A fine old place," remarked Miss Honoria, "and very interesting to us, being the family residence for so many generations!"

Miss Trigg looked at Mary with a sinister aspect—a farmer's son was bad enough, but a farmer's daughter was worse; however, Honoria was not in the secret of their ignoble extraction, and they were both, she was bound to confess to herself, equal to

pass for proper people. So she condescended to "the daughter," as she had to her brother, and talked with as much affability to her as to Emmet, who was all the more welcome for coming without her aunt.

The interior of the house, in which the furniture and adornments were precisely as they had been left by Miss Gayton, was quite in keeping with the exterior for substantial richness; from the ceilings hung carved wreaths of flowers, and on the wainscots were elegant candelabras in antique mouldings, for which Michael never allowed the expense of wax or any other lights, and which were therefore entirely honorary, and, like too many other standards for light, sinecures. But the meagre attendance and the very so-so luncheon that, after a long summons, made its appearance, were much below the claims of the "home of our fathers"—Miss Honor's favourite title for it; and when Alan asked Emmet afterwards if "they didn't break down in the eating line," she could not help laughing.

"Oh, they're very weak in luncheons, I know. I never ventured on a dinner there!" he said, quite in earnest.

Miss Trigg was too much occupied in helping her friend to do the honours, and too much pleased, when she began to think it out, that that odiously proud woman's niece should have beheld her so entirely at home at such an unquestionable place, to wonder how the young ladies got there. She flourished about, entreating her dear friend not to overtire herself, pointing to all the shields that were carved on the panelling, and desiring Emmet to tell her aunt she had seen at Dassett more crests and that sort of thing than she would see anywhere at a time, she was quite sure.

While she was expatiating, Mr. Banaster walked in with Michael.

John was standing listening with a half smile to Miss Patience, with Mary by his side; he walked up to him directly, saying, "I have accidentally met with my sister, who came here with — Miss Taffilet:" he was on the point of saying "Mr. Keriol." "She has brought me a letter from Captain Greenlaw, which I have not yet seen; it is at Boulderstow. I hope I have not taken a liberty in bringing her up to see the house?" he added, turning to Michael, who had been looking fixedly at him. "No, oh no," he said or muttered, and turned away his head.

After a repast, which all were glad to rise from, Mr. Banaster asked for his carriage, and John immediately rose, saying he would escort the young ladies to theirs. No questions were asked as to their companions in travel, if they had any. Mr. Banaster had suspected at once by what means they had come, and Michael was too busy with thoughts on his own concerns to trouble himself with one on any other.

"I was just going to make a rush at the house!" said Alan, meeting them as he hovered very near the terrace. "Miss Taffilet-the-less is to go in the carriage with her aunt; so Miss Mary must condescend to share the front seat of the pony affair with me, and we meet the ancients at the western gate."

John was amused at the relations between himself and Alan. An acquaintance as sudden, as well defined, and as full formed as a mushroom, had sprung up. To affect or disguise anything was evidently out of Alan's beat altogether, and he could not help feeling pleased at a sociability so freely accorded by one in, as he believed himself to be, so different a position. He contrasted it, as he returned to the house alone,

with Miss Tafflet's forbidding manner. "But then," he thought, "she is a woman, and not one of the wisest. There is Mr. Banaster, he has none of that haughty pre-eminence; but then he believes I am really in his own rank. Well, there is Emmet, dear little Emmet—so fresh-hearted—she knows me only as the yeoman; and yet I believe she would forgive my want of birth, and throw away her Tafflet name for mine. Well, it *may be*—it may be I shall have one, not so illustrious, perhaps, but with enough pretension to ask her to accept it—and *then!*" He found Miss Trigg and Miss Honoria at "last words" on his return to the house, and waited to usher the former to the carriage, which Gregory, in his livery coat, declared to be ready and waiting.

Mr. Banaster and Michael were already in the yard, and stood talking earnestly, as John led Miss Trigg to the door. Gregory for the first time noticed him, and he followed him through the hall with a look of curious inquiry.

"Who's a-going to take the bat?" he said to Miss Trigg, holding in his hand a small box with air-holes pierced.

Miss Trigg gave a little scream.

"Put it outside!" she exclaimed; "it's to go outside."

John smiled, and Gregory, sidling up to him, ventured to say, "Curious place this, sir; you may catch bats and varmint of all sorts in plenty, by reason of part of it, yon old tower, and that being so ruined."

"Yes, it is a curious place,—and deserves to be better kept up," John replied.

"Yes, sir, it do; but keeping up takes a world of trouble, you see, and master's getting into years," said Gregory.

"What, the grasshopper becoming a burden?" said John, looking full into the old man's face with his generous manly smile.

"Sir, axing of your pardon, be you a stranger in this place?" said Gregory.

"My name is Trafford; I come from a place called Callisthon, on the other side of Boulderstow," said John.

As he spoke, Mr. Banaster and Michael came up.

"Here's the bat, sir," said Gregory, offering the box.

"Brother Banaster, you promised it should go outside," said Miss Trigg.

"I did, ma'am, and I will keep my word," said Mr. Banaster. "Put it under the coach-box, Mullins."

As they drove out of the yard, Gregory lifted his hat in a reverential bow to Mr. Banaster, giving, however, a last look to John, to whom he repeated the bow.

"You are turned dancing-master in your old age," said Michael, contemptuously; for he had watched him from the steps.

"I don't know as I ever had any dancing days; but if so be I had, they're over now," said Gregory.

"Follow me to my room," said Michael.

"Ay, as soon as I've seen to Wat; but he has the key of the oat-bin this morning, and there's a thing or two besides I must see after."

"Come soon—come now; leave the key, leave everything," said Michael.

"Leave the key!" thought Gregory. "Then there's a summat in the wind, and I partly guess what it is. Well, he won't have to order the pony-shay to-day, anyhow, for all that crittur's talk; but

if ever a son of Muster Jack's a-coming to light, he's come this morning; for there never was two faces and ways and voices so exact pairs to one another as that young man's and his'n; and very like Muster Banaster knows to it, and that was for why he brought him."

CHAPTER XXXVI.—GREGORY'S TEMPTATION.

"I THINK, if you took as much pains to catch the rats and mice that rattle about my ears in this place, as you do to catch bats for Mr. Banaster, you would be showing a better knowledge of your duty," said Michael, when Gregory had slowly followed him into the room and stood in his usual place.

"Well, I can't say as I've took any pains at all to catch the mice, being as you never axed me; but I *will*, if they disturbs you—I'll set a trap or two to-night," said Gregory.

"You might have known they disturbed me without my telling you so," said Michael.

"Ay, I might, that's true; but I don't see that the mice is any worse than the rest of the rubbishy old place. There ain't no cure for a lumberly hole like this but going out of it," said Gregory, looking round on the broken plaster and exposed beams, the worm-eaten flooring, and the various other marks of decay that presented themselves.

"I want to know more particularly what that creature said to you. I paid no attention while you told me, considering it of no consequence; but I see now it's a part of a plot—a plot to turn me out of this place, and—but tell me everything she said."

"Couldn't do that now," said Gregory; "it were sich a rigmaroly of things. Only she signified, taking it all of a lump, as there was somebody a-coming to take the place off your hands."

"Ah, yes, coming is easy enough; I dare say plenty will come now. I knew, directly that Keriol raised the cry, the pack would be up on the scent; but I didn't expect that Mr. Banaster, who has always been my friend, would run among them."

"No doubt he's as much your friend as ever he was, and wouldn't go for to do you a ill turn for never so much," said Gregory, earnestly.

"Oh, yes, it's very fine—*very fine*; but I look at what people do, not at what they say, nor what others think about them. I can tell you that Mr. Banaster has fallen in with the pretended son of my friend, old Miss Gayton's reprobate brother."

"Not a *reprobate*," said Gregory, in a half-pleading tone.

"He *was* a reprobate. He was wild and untamed in youth, and he began manhood by breaking his father's heart in marrying without his consent," said Michael.

"What he did wrong *were* wrong, and what were wrong I hope he repented of," said Gregory, after a pause, in which he seemed to be studying his answer.

"Repented, repented!" said Michael, impatiently; "you tire me out with your stuff. I believe reprobates are favourites of yours; they make good pilgrims, don't they?"

"It's good for reprobates when they turns pilgrims," said Gregory; "but I ain't fond of 'em for wickedness' sake."

"Well, well, stop preaching; let's have a little practice. You are telling me sometimes that you came into the world when I did, on purpose that you might serve me while we both lived."

"Ay, master, and it's a thought that's pleasant to

me, I do assure you," said Gregory, glad to hear such a promise of a return to a kinder spirit.

"I have been out of sorts lately; you musn't mind a few rough words," said Michael.

"I don't vally 'em in the least," said Gregory, with simplicity.

"I mean to pension you off when you're past work, and to put you down in my will for what will make you independent of the world if you should outlive me," said Michael.

"Pension *me* off!" said Gregory.

"Oh, I shall keep you with me—always keep you with me; but I shall take all work from you, and leave you your time just to wait a little on me, and then—please yourself."

Gregory stood very upright, and stared direct at his master; for he couldn't tell what to make of this strange declaration. Had he shown any symptoms of decrepitude in body or mind to suggest the necessity of such a proceeding?

"Yes, I will show *my* friendship for you—that it is *real* and means something; and now I expect you to show yours for me—that yours is real and means something," said Michael, who, all the while he was speaking, averted his face and looked towards the fire.

"What shall I do to show that, more than I have always tried to do, master?" said Gregory.

"Help to deliver me from all these frets and tormentings," said Michael.

"Tell me how," said Gregory, anxiously.

Michael got up, and took a paper from a box beside him; and having unfolded it, he said, "First, you must sign this."

"Yes," said Gregory, standing with the pen in his hand. "What is it, master?"

"Never mind what it is; if you mean to stand my friend you must sign it," said Michael.

"Maybe it's your will?" said Gregory.

"Very well; if it is, never mind—you can sign it," said Michael.

"But when I signed a will once, it were to the signing of him as made it; I ain't seed you sign this," said Gregory.

"It's not my will," said Michael.

"No, I s'posed it couldn't be," said Gregory, still balancing the pen in his hand, and standing bolt upright.

"Are you going to sign it?" asked Michael.

"When you've took the trouble to show me what it is, master," said Gregory, humbly.

"What difference can it make to you what it is?" said Michael, angrily.

But Gregory was firm; no arguments, no soothing, no rating could move him—he would not sign.

"You're an old blockhead!" said Michael, at last. "If you must know what it is, it's an absolute deed of gift to me of this place, which I drew up by Miss Gayton's desire. Here is her signature, and here is her maid's, who is now dead: you were to have been the other witness, but you were not in the way at the moment; and before you could be called, her last fit came on."

Gregory looked concerned.

"You understand now: you are only going to do what you would have done then, if you had been there," said Michael.

Gregory made no reply.

"And your signature to it will be enough. This deed will set at nought all attempts to rob me, and I shall be at peace."

Still Gregory was silent.

"You'll sign it?" said Michael, sternly.

"My signing of it is the same as saying I seed Miss Gayton sign it?" said Gregory.

"Of course it is," said Michael.

"But I didn't see her sign it," said Gregory.

"But *I tell you* she signed it," said Michael.

"I'll sign to that," said Gregory.

"Nonsense! that's nothing at all; you must sign to this. It's the same thing exactly."

"Can't see it in that light," said Gregory.

"Then you're as blind as a bat," said Michael.

"Very like," said Gregory.

"And do you mean to say you *won't* sign it?" asked Michael.

"No, master, no; there ain't no need to say that, even if it was becoming in me. But what I sign I must stick to, and very like swear to. Now signing it would be a lie, and no mistake; and to tell a lie, and stick to it and swear to it, is what I couldn't do, even for *you*, master," said Gregory.

"Cant, all cant!" said Michael, with an expression of scorn on his face. "Have you ever known me do such things as would lead you to think I would wish you to swear to a lie?"

"Master, I wouldn't believe, for anything, but that this was all true as you've said about this 'ere deed; but if so be I signed as if I seed the old lady sign it, that would be a lie, and you can't make it nothink else," said Gregory, who was now beginning to feel his way through the struggle.

"This deed, Gregory," said Michael, after a long pause, "would end all the trouble that threatens me at once. I don't believe it would ever have to be shown in court. I think Mr. Banaster's seeing it would stop all that he might otherwise do, and he would tell Mr. Keriol not to waste his money, and so I should be left in peace."

"But Muster Banaster would be deceived about *me*!" said Gregory.

"What does that signify?" said Michael, sharply; "it's to do no one any harm. If it had been fully signed, or if that woman-servant had lived, I would have shown it before; but I have given Mr. Banaster other reasons for not doing so, and you, Greg, you will save me from trouble that's wearing me out—you will, indeed."

Michael's voice softened as he ended his speech, and he sighed as he held out the deed to Gregory, who looked at him with sadness, but made no reply.

"I shall leave the place in my will to any who can prove themselves the children of that young man; if he had none, then let young Stapylton have it. I don't want to turn the property out of its proper course," said Michael, who thought Gregory was relenting. "And I mean to make a will at once, and let Mr. Banaster and Mr. Keriol be witnesses to it, and then I hope they will leave me in peace," he continued.

Gregory looked at him very wistfully, as if to say, "Oh, that you knew peace now!"

"And *this*," he said, pushing the deed nearer to him, "this will show how useless it would be to try and hurry things, and take the place out of my hand. Come, Greg, sign it!"

Gregory laid down the pen, put his arms behind him, and shook his head.

"You won't!" said Michael.

"Can't, for my soul's sake," said Gregory.

"There," said Michael, after a pause, "you may go; the next time I want your services I'll send for

you. Go and catch bats—it's all you're fit for—and take them to Mr. Banaster and tell him how pious you are, and what a faithful servant, and how you love your master! There, none of your whining to me—go!"

"Weren't a-going to *whine* by no means," said Gregory, when he had a little recovered the shock. "As to love and faithfulness, it don't become me to say nought about that, but—"

Michael impatiently waved his hand, and Gregory, seeing words would only increase his anger, left him to himself, with a whirl in his head and a tumult in his heart that nearly overcame him. Michael was chagrined, disappointed, perplexed beyond measure. He had calculated on Gregory's unbounded affection for him and confidence in him, and thought he would not be sagacious enough to discover the difference between signing on actual sight and on his report. He had drawn up a short paper, of which he had advertised Mr. Banaster on his last interview, telling him then that it had been signed by Gregory; for he doubted not that he could influence the old man to do it.

Such a document, if it existed, would, Mr. Banaster felt, be a sufficient hindrance to the present possession of Dasset by John, even if proof undeniable could be given of his right; and he waited with impatience for his next interview with Michael to see it. The reasons he gave for keeping the possession of the deed secret seemed trivial, but he was quite sure it was a valid one if signed by Gregory, in whom he had implicit trust.

Michael saw no crime in this trick; he thought he had earned the estate for life, by the trouble he had taken with it in Miss Gayton's time. He chose to think she would be better pleased with his keeping it than his giving it up to others, and thus to make her do with her hand what she would certainly have done with her mind was justifiable. Her scruple, in her last days, about her brother's son, he thought he fully met by leaving the property by will to him if he could be found, and if indeed this young man, who had come like a serpent in his path, with a testimony of his true claim speaking in his face, should be John Gayton, he would rest satisfied with this provision.

The resistance of Gregory had thrown him into unexpected perplexity. He had unscrupulously signed for Miss Gayton and her maid, but to sign for him was impossible; he was sure he would bear witness against him, if called on to prove it.

"I was a simpleton to trust to him," he said to himself when he was alone—"I might have known him better; and yet I thought I could make him do anything." He was not afraid of the old man's taking advantage of the confidence he had reposed in him. He was no talker generally, and, notwithstanding all that had passed, he was certain of his unshaken attachment to him and his interests.

While he was ruminating over the failure of his scheme, Gregory was passing over in his mind all that had happened. "Maybe he'll turn me off," he thought; "but he can't do that—I'm too nat'ral to him, and maybe this'll blow over."

"Blesh yer heart, my dear, yer the very person I've been a lookin' out for all this day, and walked all them miles merely just to have a talk with yer," said the gipsy, coming on him just behind the smithy, where he had been to see after the shoeing of the farm-horses,

"I wonder at your impudence now, I do indeed," he said; "and that's saying a great deal. Didn't I warn you not to come near the place, for I'd set the p'lice upon you?"

"Oh what hardheartedness, after having the best put before yer, and yer being made so welcome to it all!"

"Don't put me in mind of your kitten broth and roasted varmint; it brings back the smell of it, and turns me all of a wrong side up'ards, and I'm not in a way to bear it. But go off now—go quiet; you've got money enough out of me, and I tell you, if the master finds out you've been here, it'll be no end of trouble to me that I didn't send you to the lock-up."

"Don't yer go for to say that," said the gipsy, "but just come with me to the hovel where the sticks lies. I want to have a bit of a talk with yer. Oh, you needn't be afeard, my dear; I wouldn't do yer harm for all the buttons of yer best coat, if they was made of gold."

"Harm! I'm not afeard of the *harm* you can do me," said Gregory; "but I can't waste my time with you. Go now; take a word and go!"

"Not till yer comes with me, my dear, for I've got summat to ax yer that'll never let me rest till I have it out."

There was an earnest tone in the woman's voice as she spoke, and a look in her face, that struck him much, and when she turned towards the hovel he followed her.

"I just wanted ter ax yer," she said, as they stood together face to face, "because I put trust in yer that yer a rale good man, whether there's any word in the book you read in that says them as has give theirselves all their lives to wickedness may turn at the last."

"Be you a-thinking of turning?" said Gregory, greatly surprised.

"Oh, maybe I may be thinking of it; but it's not for me; it's for the man yer saw under the hedge. He's had a bad fit on him, and the doctor says he'll likely die, and he's frightened till he a'most shakes the ground he lays on, and there's nobody of us can comfort him; and I thought as you, as respected the cross yer believed in too much to let it have fellership in lies, might be able to say if there's any hope for him, and I've walked all them miles, only bating a lift I got by a stray horse, just to ax yer."

Gregory could not doubt that the woman was in earnest. He looked at her kindly, and said, "What can I tell you? Go to somebody as knows more about it, and I'll help you on to find somebody, and willing and glad too."

"Ah, but that book as yer tells everybody is the book God himself gave us to tell us how to be saved, *that'll* say if poor vagabones like us has any right to hope."

"So it will," said Gregory, taking out his Bible, "and here's a place'll just do for you; I was a-thinking upon it a deal last night. 'Lay apart all filthiness and superfluity of naughtiness, and receive with meekness the engrafted word, which is able to save your souls.' Now you see there's as much wickedness counted to him in that as ever he could a' done; so he's one that's called to receive the word of salvation."

"Blesh yer for ever, if yer think so," said the gipsy with tears; "and I've brought back the sovereign, for I never meant to keep it from yer; and

would yer lend me that book, and I'll bring it back to yer, and just mark where I be ter show it ter him. There's one of the boys can read, and maybe when he's made peaceable he'll have a turn and get over it." Tears coursed each other down her brown and rugged face as she spoke.

Gregory readily gave the Bible, wishing he could go with it to read it. "Keep the money," he said—"I don't want it, and maybe never shall; you can buy what you want for the sick man with it—that'll save you from stealing. You mind, it's no good to read that book and steal and tell lies; it'll do you twenty times more harm than good then."

"Oh, dear, I hope we'll all be able to make a livin' somehow in an honest way, blesh yer for ever; and I'll just beg a seat on the top of the coach and get back quick," said the gipsy.

Gregory, who had said all he could bring to mind to bear upon the case, and marked all such passages as he thought most useful, did more; he asked the smith who lived at the Turns, and was just about to go home, to give her a lift to the place where the coach would take her up; and so true it is, that taking the burdens of others on the heart lightens it of its own, that he went back wholly calmed as to his own trouble and Michael's displeasure.

TWO MONTHS IN PALESTINE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWO MONTHS IN SPAIN."

XI.

THE weather had now become fine, and appeared to be settled, and I decided to join two gentlemen who were about to proceed to Baalbek. They had engaged an intelligent Maronite, who was well acquainted with the route, and promised us accommodation without the necessity of tents and heavy equipage. We had therefore very little preparation to make, and only took an additional man to look after our horses. Before starting, we made arrangements with the French Diligence Company to reserve the coupé for us on a given day, on paying the full fare from Damascus to Beyrout, that we might join it *en route* on our return to Beyrout. We divided the journey into two days: the first was occupied in a very long ride to Surghaya; and starting the second day at daylight, we reached Baalbek at 11:30 A.M.

The day was clear and beautiful, and we were able to inspect the famous temple ruins under the most favourable circumstances. The situation of the ancient city is not unlike that of Ephesus. The ruins lie partly in a valley at the base of Antilebanon. The walls of the city are about two and a half miles in circumference, only small portions of which are now standing. The whole space within these walls is strewn with ruins, consisting of broken columns, architraves, cornices, and portions of friezes, exquisitely sculptured, giving one some faint idea of the original beauty and magnitude of the buildings. The architecture is evidently of different ages. The huge masses of stone that form the substructures of platforms and walls, are of the Cyclopean period, known as that of the Early Phœnician, and perhaps anterior to that of the Temple of Jerusalem; but the most beautiful of the ruins are of the Greek and Roman period. The limestone of which the platform and walls are formed, was quarried in the neighbourhood, and some idea may be formed of

the magnitude of the stones employed by referring to one which is now lying near the place from which it was quarried. This stone measures about 70 feet long by 14 feet broad and 17 feet deep. The marvel is how stones of this size were moved and elevated to their present position in the buildings.

The ruins consist of three distinct buildings, viz., the two greater temples, and the lesser one, called the Circular Temple. The Great Temple covers an area of nearly 1,000 feet from east to west, and about 500 feet from south to north. A few of the columns on the south side are still standing, with the foundations of the peristyle and the base of the columns. These stand on an elevated platform about 40 feet from the plain. This temple seems to have consisted of a centre court of 400 feet square, surrounded with portico and peristyle, the columns of which were 65 feet high, and over this was an entablature of 14 feet, formed of immense blocks of stone beautifully and elaborately sculptured. The next and most magnificent of all the ruins, has been called the Temple of the Sun. The walls, and some portions of the peristyle and portico, are still standing; these are raised on a platform of 30 feet from the ground. Six of the columns, with their architrave, are still in their original position. The building is in the form of the Parthenon of Athens, but larger, and of a different order, this being pure Corinthian. The height of the columns now standing is about 65 feet, including base and capital, and resting on these are the remains of a beautiful architrave. But the marvel of this building is the remains of the great portal. It was 21 feet wide and 42 feet high, surmounted by an architrave and frieze of nearly 20 feet. This magnificent portal was shattered by an earthquake in 1759. The centre stone of the lintel has given way, and now both sides hang in the air, but even in its ruins it forms one of the most wonderful works of skill and labour in the world. The late David Roberts says of it, "This is perhaps the most elaborate work, as well as the most exquisite in its detail, of anything of its kind in the world." The last and smallest of these ruins is called the Circular Temple, lying to the south-east of the Great Temple. This was at one time used by the Greek Christians as a church, but is now neglected. It is perhaps the purest and most classical of all these buildings, and of the best period of Greek art, and is supposed to have been dedicated to Venus. The walls and beautiful entablature are now rent and dilapidated, and as nothing is done to sustain them, the whole may in a short time be nothing but an indistinguishable heap of ruins.

It is rather curious that we should know less of this once magnificent city than of any other in Palestine. It is not once mentioned in sacred history that I am aware of, and it is but slightly referred to by Greek and Roman writers. There is no doubt, however, that it was an early and important city of the Phœnicians, and retained its importance down through the Greek and Roman period, till the blight of the Moslem fell upon it.

We had scarcely four hours to ride over these ruins, and of course had no time to look into details, but the *tout ensemble* has left on my mind a dream of pleasure and satisfaction which I find it impossible to describe, but which I can never forget; and if I had had no other object in my journey, I should consider the privilege of visiting these splendid ruins before barbarism and earthquakes have strewn them over the ground an ample reward for all my

troubles and fatigues. Returning by the old quarries, about two miles distant, we passed a ruin called the Arab Temple, supposed to be the tomb of some Moslem saint. The granite columns and architraves are evidently the remains of some former Greek or

coupé, I presently fell asleep, and I did not awake till we had nearly reached Beyrout, in the dusk of the evening.

Next morning I found there would be no steamer passing to the south for two days; at which I was not



"ARAB TEMPLE," NEAR BAALBEK.

Roman temple. The accompanying engraving is from a photograph, and is characteristic of some of the less known features of the district.

A ride of four hours brought us back to Surghâya, to our previous night's quarters, a small upper room in the house of a Christian family, who made us as comfortable as their limited means would admit. At daybreak next morning we started again across country, through wadys and along the spurs of the mountains. About noon, after a hard ride, we reached the halfway-house on the main road between Damascus and Beyrout, and had time for refreshments, and to settle with and discharge our useful and attentive dragoman and equipage, before the diligence came up. We found the coupé reserved for us and took possession of it. These three days of mental and bodily fatigue were almost too much for me. The two young Frenchmen that accompanied me were very kind and attentive. Wrapped up in a corner of the

sorry, as it gave me some time to rest, to write up my journal, and to renew my acquaintance with the Rev. Dr. Bliss, President of the Syrian Protestant College; with Dr. Van Dyck, the great Arabic scholar, now engaged on a translation of the Bible into Arabic; and with the Rev. Dr. Thomson, author of "The Land and the Book." I was also able to spend the greater part of a day with Mr. and Mrs. Mentor Mott, the latter sister to Mrs. Thompson, to whose benevolent efforts I have already referred. Their school is one of the most healthy, cheering, and happy sights in Syria. They have from sixty to seventy girls in their charge, many of them the children of well-to-do Jews and Mohammedans, as well as Greek Christians. Attached is the Normal Training Institution, in which the pupil teachers receive a higher grade of education. Mr. Mott is now endeavouring to establish an ophthalmic hospital in connection with the mission. At present he is limited for means and

space, but has already in his charge ten poor helpless children, some of them partially, and others totally, blind. A number of benevolent ladies in England have formed a committee for the support of these "Anglo-Syrian Female Schools," and I am persuaded that many more would give their aid if they knew the blessings, temporal and spiritual, that attend these efforts. Here, as elsewhere, the Americans are in the van of missionary labours. There are upwards of seventy pupils in Dr. Bliss's Institution, receiving instruction in Arabic, literature, mathematics, and modern languages. Of this number, twenty are in the medical department, under a professor and four tutors, and all of them are more or less instructed in Biblical literature.

The inhabitants number about 65,000, of whom 20,000 are Mohammedans, the remainder Christians



WATER-CARRIER.

My last day in Palestine happened to be a Sunday, a quiet English or Scottish Sabbath. The service from ten to eleven A.M. was in Arabic, for Jews, Syrians, and Greeks, and at eleven the English service commenced. It was Communion Sabbath, and there were assembled American Congregationalists, Scottish Presbyterians, and members of the Church of England, united in brotherly love and charity.

Altogether there is a healthy tone about this Beyrout, such as one rarely sees in the East; and if I were forced to reside in Palestine, I think I should prefer it to any city I visited. There is a circle of cheerful, social, and educated men here that makes society very agreeable,



TOBACCO CUTTING.

of various denominations, and a few Jews. The situation of the town is also very pretty. The



FLOWER MAN.

suburban villas and residences of the Europeans stretch along the promontory which forms the south

of St. George's Bay, over fertile undulations, covered with mulberry, fig, palm, and cypress trees, and vineyards. Away to the north is seen the snowy range of the Lebanon. Beyrout is, moreover, the only tolerable harbour along the whole of this coast. Many persons land here to take the journey through Palestine; but I think this is a mistake, as travellers thus get into the difficulties of the journey before they are prepared for them. I would suggest proceeding direct to Jerusalem by Jaffa, and thence making short excursions, such as I have described in previous chapters, which are attended with few difficulties, and prepare the tourist for more extended journeys.

Before leaving Palestine, I would offer a few parting words to such of my readers as may contemplate making this journey. When I began to make preparations, I had certain misgivings, and I wrote to a dear friend in Jerusalem to help me out with his advice and experience. The reply was, "If you bring a fair amount of good health to rough it a little, and 'money in the purse,' there are no difficulties or troubles in the journey you propose." I found this view correct to the letter. I do not think it advisable for persons liable to illness from irregular diet, exposure, and sudden changes of temperature, to undertake the journey, except with great caution and in company of friends; but in the matter of money the expense may be very much modified by a little judicious management. There are a number of dragomans of well-known experience who hang about the consulate, and whose chief aim seems to be to throw difficulties in the way, and to magnify their own services and importance. I was a little uneasy on reading a volume by one of the most talented and indefatigable travellers in Palestine, when he spoke of "a pile of sovereigns on the table of his consul, and nothing would satisfy the demands of the dragoman." These men seem to know their customers, and augment the difficulties and their demands accordingly. When we were about to start for the Dead Sea and the Jordan for five or six days, we told our sprightly and intelligent young dragoman, Abraham, that we were prepared to make the journey under his care, that we would leave our luggage at Jerusalem, and the three of us would pay him one pound each per day as long as we required his services—this sum to cover all expenses, including any guide or protection that might be necessary, to which he cheerfully agreed. I have heard of three times this amount being paid with less satisfactory result than ours. We talked of making a quick journey to Petra and back to Jerusalem, but one of these "experienced" dragomans told us he could not undertake the journey, and pay all the demands of Bedouin chiefs, under one hundred pounds each for four persons! I learned that two artists had made that very journey, and brought back a very valuable collection of photographs and drawings in safety at one-fourth this expense. Let me add here, that from photographs which I purchased the preceding sketches are taken, as characteristic of the life of the country.

The reader will perhaps inquire how we got home? I took a passage in the Russian steamer that passes Beyrout for Alexandria. We stopped a few hours at Acre and Joppa, to land and take in passengers and cargo, and on the second day arrived at Port Said, named after the late Pacha of Egypt.

I was prepared for a surprise here; but the

transformation was altogether beyond conception. A few years ago, this long stretch of sandy desert, lying between the sea and the Lake Menzaleh, was a desolate waste, without an inhabitant. There is now a city of 8,000 Europeans and 3,000 Arabs; several comfortable hotels, avenues laid out in streets, villas, and gardens, literally raised on the sand. I called on the British consul, a native of Malta, and surgeon to the hospital. I found him an excellent botanist, and a man of good taste and education. He has managed to form a garden on the sand with a crust of manure and artificial soil, in which he has a fine collection of flowers and plants of both tropical and temperate zones. This is only one of the many pretty little oases that have been created in this desert within the last five or six years. These gardens are nourished by the rich and fertilizing water of the Nile, which is conducted in pipe-conduits from the fresh water canal at Ismailia, and of which I shall have occasion to speak hereafter.

The entrance to the harbour is protected by two breakwaters, running out about two and a half miles into the sea, to the south of the Gulf of Pelusius, and near the eastern branch of the Nile. These breakwaters, which are meant to keep back the great body of sand which rolls in from the mouths of the Nile, are formed of large blocks of artificial stones, such as are used on the Dover pier, composed of concrete and lime, at the cost of about £14 each. The stones are run out, and tumbled over without any regard to order, and may ultimately be carried out a distance of four miles. At the entrance to the lake a large dock, or basin, has been formed, in which there were fifty or sixty vessels lying, from 200 to 800 tons.

M. de Lesseps had just arrived from France the day before, and had proceeded to Ismailia, and as I was fortunate enough to have an introduction to that gentleman from a fellow-passenger, I arranged to leave the following morning at seven A.M. in the little steamer that runs daily to that station. Nothing could be more desolate and at the same time more wonderful and interesting, than this six or seven hours' sail. The canal skirts the eastern side of the Lake Menzaleh for about twenty-five miles, then enters a short cutting of sand-hills into the scattered and irregular Lake Ballah, whence there is again a long cutting of eight or ten miles, to Lake Timsah, on the border of which is the new town and port of Ismailia, called after the present ruler of Egypt. This place is about equi-distant from the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, fifty miles distant from each. Here the fresh water canal, proceeding from a branch of the Nile at Zagazig, joins the great canal by a branch and lock, and runs nearly parallel with it until it reaches Suez. It is impossible to estimate sufficiently the immense advantages of this fresh water canal to Egypt. Along its whole line have sprung up a succession of rich cultivated fields over a barren, burning plain. The town of Ismailia is studded with beautiful gardens of flowers, fruits, and vegetables; and from a fountain there, along the line of the great canal, as far as Port Said and the Mediterranean, this healthy and fertilizing water is conveyed by pipes. Had M. Lesseps done nothing more for Egypt than conduct this stream of fresh water through the desert from sea to sea, he would have left a monument of his skill and perseverance far more glorious than any of the Pharaohs. On presenting my letter of introduction to M. Lesseps, I was received by him with kindness and cordiality.

There was a frank, open, and manly bearing about him that at once put one at ease with him. I cannot speak too highly of his attention and desire to afford me every information. I received at his office a number of maps, plans, and diagrams, and I find I have filled nearly twenty pages of my journal with descriptions, and the opinions I heard and formed of the works; but these have been so fully explained by Mr. Fowler, the eminent engineer, and other correspondents of the *Times*, and by the admirable illustrations of Mr. Simpson, that I shall spare the reader these details, and simply refer to my own experience.

The whole of these works, where water is available, have been excavated by the aid of three descriptions of machines—first, the common dredge; this deposits the earth in punts, which are conveyed to another powerful machine called the elevator, which raises these punts and runs them out over the bank; and a third called the receiver, having a long semi-circular tube, carries the deposit, by the aid of a water pump, some sixty or seventy feet over the banks. Several of these machines were at work as we passed up, deepening the canal, and we were struck with their power and magnitude, and were told that the larger ones cost as much as £40,000 each.

At this time, the maritime canal was open for navigation only as far as Ismailia; we left by railway at five P.M., and arrived at Suez at nine P.M. Next morning early, we visited the great dock and works that are going forward at the anchorage four miles below Suez. Here a large portion of land is being reclaimed from the shallow waters of the gulf, and docks and warehouses are being erected, to which the railway will run, in direct communication with Alexandria. This will be a great saving of time, trouble, and expense, as the passengers and cargo are now conveyed from the large steamers in small boats over the shallows to Suez. Immediately after breakfast, a small party of us procured horses and rode partly along the works of the maritime canal to Chalouf, about fourteen miles from the entrance of the canal into the Red Sea. These fourteen miles have been the most difficult portion of the undertaking, as the line has been crossed by strata of rock, the removal of which has been attended with great labour and delay. The opinions at present on the commercial success of this undertaking are very conflicting. The expense of keeping the canal open will no doubt absorb a large amount of the receipts, whatever they may be, but it is quite impossible as yet to form any opinion as to the extent that shippers will avail themselves of this mode of transit. Whatever may be the commercial results, there can be but one feeling, and that of respect and admiration, for the man who planned and carried out this undertaking with such indomitable pluck and perseverance, in the face of every obstacle and opposition. All honour, then, to M. de Lesseps.

It is just thirty years since I first visited this port, on my way to India, when the "overland journey" was something to talk about. We were four days on the Mahmoudieh Canal and the Nile; when it was sometimes a question with us whether we were to be broiled in the sun, or eaten alive by the vermin collected in the boat. Great preparations had to be made at Cairo, with Bedouins and camels, and we were part of three days in crossing the desert to Suez, in the rear of some 300 Moslem fanatics making their way to Mecca. Suez then consisted of a miser-

able Arab village of 1000 inhabitants, with a dilapidated khan for pilgrims. Our Moslem companions and their cattle occupied the courtyard and ground-floor, and our party of five were lodged in an empty upper room. We were detained for four days waiting for the little steamer that ran once a month between Suez and Bombay. Our small water supply was brought across the desert, hot and tasteless, and our food was eggs and starved chickens. Now the fresh water of the Nile is brought to the door, there are half-a-dozen comfortable restaurants and the splendid Peninsula and Oriental Hotel, where kings and princes are accommodated with luxury, a large staff of official and commercial Europeans, and a town of 8000 inhabitants.

The line of railway has been changed lately, and instead of going direct by Cairo, takes a more direct route northward, and has a short branch to the canal port of Ismailia, then strikes westward across the Nile. There is a branch to Cairo, but the direct line is to Alexandria. We left Suez at eight A.M. and reached Alexandria at eight P.M. A considerable portion of the line skirts the fresh-water canal, and here again we see the marvellous and incalculable benefits conferred on this desert tract by irrigation. While on this subject my thoughts turn naturally to India. True, this spot is but a miniature of space and necessities compared to our vast possessions in India, but with such fertilizing rivers as the Jumna and Ganges, something more might be done to stay the periodical famines in Upper India, such as I witnessed in 1837. It is only a matter of money and labour to save the lives of millions, and I have often heard it remarked that the money spent on that unprovoked and most calamitous war of Afghanistan would have irrigated the whole of Upper India.

On my arrival at Alexandria I found five steamers about to start, viz., the Peninsula and Oriental Company's steamer, the Russian boat in which I came to Port Said, the Austrian Lloyds for Trieste, the French Messagerie for Marseilles, and the Italian boat for Brindisi. My intention was to have taken the latter, and to have come home through Italy; but I was still suffering from the effects of my Palestine journey, and was not inclined to trust myself to the conceit and indifference of Italian railway *employés* and physicians. So I took my passage in the old Ripon, where I found a kind and skilful friend in the surgeon, and with the agreeable society of old Indians, and the calm and delightful freshness of the Mediterranean, I was soon set up again and restored to health and appetite. There were few incidents on the voyage. On the fifth day we passed Sicily and the Straits of Messina; and on the sixth day we entered the beautiful and picturesque scenery, the Straits of Bonifacio, and sailed close under Capraera, where we ran up the union jack, and were answered by the Italian flag. Garibaldi and two friends came out of his cottage and returned our salute. The general is a great favourite with the folks on board the Ripon. He went with them to England, and endeared himself to all on board by that frank, gentle, and fascinating manner which win on every one who has the privilege of his society.

On the seventh day from Alexandria we arrived at Marseilles, and in thirty-six hours were in London, after three months' journey, the most interesting and instructive that it has been my fortune to enjoy.

ESSAYS ON TEXTS.

BY THE REV. HARRY JONES.

ON LYING.

"A righteous man hateth lying."—PROV. xiii. 5.

It is so easy to tell a lie, and its apparent advantages both for gain and defence are so attractive, that we cannot wonder at the custom of lying among some people. Of course it is followed only because the person who lies believes in a respect for truth in the man whom he tries to deceive. If lying were universal it would be of no use. A man could not gain anything by a lie then; he would be disbelieved as a matter of course. A liar is trusted only when truth is the rule. Thus any success in lying is so far an indirect testimony to a certain amount of wholesomeness in society. I mention this because a lie is still considered a disgrace in England. There are indeed persons who yield a sort of admiration for ingenious deceit. The misdirected cleverness which sets a man to live by an abuse rather than a use of his wits is sometimes curious. But the admiration is bestowed on the cleverness, not on the lie. The ingenuity of the liar draws attention away from the fault. The fault is happily I am persuaded not a favourite one in England. It is not so common as to make us doubt rather than trust the word of those whom we have to do with in business and society. Lying is not a special English sin.

Still there is enough of it to need great Christian watchfulness over ourselves lest we fall into the habit. It is a habit very easily formed. Habit is the act of yesterday; and nothing breeds faster than a lie. A man who tells one, and is not immediately detected, is strongly pressed by the temptation to tell a second to conceal the first, and so the string of lies grows on at an accumulative rate until a man is so involved in them that he hardly knows how to get free.

Let us look at a few forms of lies. Some of them are so subtle that a man yields to them without realising that he is doing so, that the true name which ought to be given to his act or speech is nothing less than a lie.

I will not dwell on the lie direct, the deliberate barefaced intention to deceive, the naked lie in which a man does not dress up his meaning or his words, does not beat about the bush to create a false impression, or to give a wrong colour to a statement, or fact, but tells a downright falsehood and knows that he is telling it.

There are lies and lies, of all shades between black and white. There is the manufacturing lie when a fabric is made of bad materials and yet looks like that which is made of good; or a part of a work which is seen, is done carefully, while the other part which is not seen, and which yet ought to be the same as the other, is done badly. This is the lie which prevails in piece-work, and is committed by some who will look you in the face and say with an air of surprised innocence that they would not *tell* a lie for the world. Perhaps they do not tell one, but they *act* one, which is just as bad.

There is the advertising lie, which the man who uses hardly expects to be believed, but which he hopes will carry some credit. A man, we will say, advertises a medicine which is a "perfect remedy for all diseases." He knows it is not. He knows that no one believes that it would be such; but he fancies that the huge claim he makes upon your powers

of belief will leave, at least, an impression that the remedy is a good one. It is his form of expression for saying so. Unhappily, the form is a lie; not without its dangerous influence on the good faith of a community because it is partially discredited, perhaps heard or read with a smile at the audacity of the assurance which it puts on. It is a bad thing when any lie succeeds in provoking a smile. And yet the columns of most newspapers will provide some example of an attempt at imposture, which is commonly regarded as ludicrous.

Again, there is the official lie, which generally takes the form of a concealment of truth. Some institution or department, we will say, is challenged with evil practices. A charge is brought against it, and the purely official mind sets itself at once to throw dust into the eyes of the accuser, to check incautious admissions, to hush up inquiry, to conceal the true facts of the case. The official mind suggests a guarded reply, either stiffly formal and evasive, or bewildering with the abundance of its verbiage; anything to blind the inquirer, to set him on a false track, to trip him up, to raise another issue beside the mark—at any rate, to conceal the facts which he desires to investigate. Truth is the account of things as they are; but too often this is what an office, department, or association, sets all its wits and engines at work to refuse altogether, or to hold off till the edge of curiosity is blunted, and attention turned to something else. Then the officials congratulate one another on "having ridden out the storm," as they may phrase it, they lay down the shields which they have held over themselves, they creep out of the dark corners in which they have hidden, and inquiry being diverted for a time, go on as badly as ever, with a sense of enjoyment at having baffled the accuser, and escaped any public interference with their ways.

Again, there is another fault, which does not get itself called by the ugly name of lie, but which is a dangerously close relation to it, and that is the habit of exaggeration. A man hears a thing, true enough perhaps in its original shape, but he passes it on with a little addition of his own. The man to whom he passes it on adds his touch of exaggeration, until, at last, the statement is so swollen and distorted as to convey anything but the facts of the case. Take many statements which have gone forth and obtained credence in the world, and yet though they are in their final stage grossly false, and do sore injustice, it is difficult to charge any one with a full-grown lie in the share he has had in propagating the deceit. The result is a sort of cumulative lie made by successive persons contributing a little touch of exaggeration to the story as it came into their hands.

The worst of it is that this mischief is caused by the exercise of a power which is sometimes useful—I mean that creative imaginative power which lends life to a description. A man hears a thing, and then gives it the colour of his own thoughts almost unconsciously; and yet, as I said, this may produce very mischievous, perhaps disastrous results. And who is to blame? Why, every one who had a share in the accretions which the story or statement has received. See how responsible we may be for the effects of a lie, even when we do not wish to deceive. How careful we should be not to add to what we hear. If we must needs repeat it, or help to circulate it, let it leave us as it came. Let us pass it on scrupulously unchanged, with no twist or increase of our own.

There are many other kind of lies—polite, malicious, and good or weak natured. Sometimes it is so painful to a man's feelings to speak the truth, that he will allow his sensitiveness to get the better of his good sense, and lend himself to deceit, or vain, false views, rather than let his love of justice triumph over passing sentiment. We are not called to be our neighbour's accuser when we think he has done wrong, but circumstances may arise in which we are bound to say what we know, unless we would be party to the concealment of facts which ought to be exposed, and which we have no right to conceal for the sake of saving ourselves inconvenience or uneasiness.

Again, there are controversial lies. When party is arrayed against party, and faction feeling runs high, we are tempted to tell or propagate untruths about our opponents, to answer their lies by lies of our own. This kind of lying has received the name of misrepresentation. For one purpose or another, we are tempted to misrepresent the motives and acts of an adversary, specially a political one. The vile maxim that "all is fair in war," has one of its worst applications in a war of words, for every weakest combatant wields this weapon with some effect.

As the Word of God is the sword of the Spirit, so a lie is one of the devil's own tools. And it is a tool with which the most petty opponent can sometimes make ugly wounds. However, it is consolatory to think that a liar is generally found out. And nothing is more useful to be remembered as a caution by those who do not take the highest motives, than this, that conviction in a lie is about the most damaging blow that can be given to a man's influence.

DISAPPOINTED.

I AM a curate in the Church of England, and have held my present curacy near upon twelve years. Friends have not been wanting to me, but again and again, like a man who has seen the clouds break and close, break and close, over a summer day, I am kept within the narrow circle of a country curacy. A few months ago, however, there seemed a prospect of my going out into the world a little. Perhaps it was a gaol chaplaincy, or a secretaryship, or a living, say, which would have taken me into town life, a wider sphere of usefulness, and a better income. My eldest boy, a little man of eleven, was taken somewhat prematurely into confidence and council upon the subject; so was the nurse who had held that little boy in her arms as an infant, and is as jealous for him and his welfare as if he were her own son. We talked a good deal of Arthur's going to the great school in the town that was to hold us. We consulted almanacks and directories, and had already nearly settled which scholarship our boy was to get.

Did anything vex us, as many things do vex us in our narrow curacy? "Never mind, John," said my wife to me; "a few weeks, and it will all be over." My bishop promised me his interest, and, so far as writing to one of the bigwigs went, he used it too.

We had even got so far as to find out the good points in my curacy, and to regret the little shabby pony-carriage, the garden, the home-fed bit of pork, and various other such alleviations of what I might most easily convince my readers is a hard lot. For

it is hard to see men who have done no work and earned no preferment stepping into good things, and so not only bringing scandal on Mother Church, but discontent, or the strong temptation to discontent, into curates' hearts, and into the hearts of curates' gentle wives.

But this does not bring me far onward in my little narrative. I was requested to do the trustees "the favour"—for they were gentlemen, and gentlemen are ever polite—to go and see them assembled in conclave. I bought a new coat in order to appear as gentlemanly as might be, for my shrewd wife had said, "It helps one a good deal, John, to look not exactly needy. Poor we are, and perhaps needy we are, but still, if you look successful, these great folks will believe in you. And you can pay for your coat out of your first receipts, you know."

Accordingly, I went. I could see that my wife's confidence was not "put on." She really believed that success had come at last. Several of my clerical brethren, as well as my bishop, had written most strongly on my behalf, "and what is to hinder you, John, dear?" But I confess that I did not share Eleanor's confidence. Perhaps repeated disappointments had taught me a far severer lesson than everybody is called to learn. But still I was not in the least nervous as I approached the awful place of meeting.

I was punctuality itself, and found two other chosen competitors, one an Irish gentleman with a very rich brogue, who talked a great deal about "my cousin, Sir Blarney O'Something"; the other an Englishman, as quiet and unpretentious as I have ever, even in face of patrons and committeemen, striven to be myself.

We were kept waiting, of course. It would have been undignified to call us in and say that all was settled already, and that it was only going through a form, with regard to two of us, to bring us up for exhibition and competitive examination.

By-the-bye, there was one examiner, who positively did mark us, mark one of us certainly—I presume with regard to our demeanour. "What is your age, sir?" "Forty." Down went a bad mark, I presume. "Have you any family?" "Yes, six." Bad mark again. "Are you a graduate?" "Yes." No mark. "Can you preach extemporaneously?" "Yes, I have long done so." Good mark. "You have written a good deal for the press, Mr. Dash, have you not?" "I have written a few things, sir." Bad mark. "That will do, and thank you, Mr. Dash."

The Irishman was Mr. Splash, and the Englishman, Mr. Nash. We went in in alphabetical order. That was to show that the trustees were severely impartial. And we went in one at a time, to our great relief; not being trotted out together, you see.

We waited again in the ante-room, after our respective interviews. I felt, strange to say, the utmost composure, combined with the utmost uncertainty. The one thing I felt sure of was that *Splash* would not be elected. I rather thought it lay between Nash and myself, with the odds slightly in Nash's favour.

Presently, one of the trustees came in and called for "Mr. Splash": he added, turning to us two, "I am sorry to have to tell you, gentlemen, that Mr. Splash is elected."

What could we do, or say? Of course a man can do nothing but go home and make the best of it, when he has got a defeat out of doors; rather, I would say, nothing but make the best of it and go home, inverting the precedence of operations; make the best of it first, go home afterwards.

No doubt the trustees acted for the best. A man of five-and-thirty, without a family, is more eligible for some things than a man of forty with a family. Moreover, it is well to have a cousin of Sir This, and a nephew of Sir That, and a great-grandson of Lord The Other, to put into your good things.

So I came home and found that Arthur was gone to bed—somewhat to my relief. My wife, too, was out—but the anxious face of nurse assailed me at the head of the stairs, and she said, "I *must* ask you, sir—have you got it?" "No, Harriet, I haven't, I'm sorry to say." "Oh, mistress *will* be sorry!"

And "mistress" *was* sorry, and mistress is sorry. And next morning plucky little Arthur was sorry too. His sorrow was hardest for me to bear, of all. His very "Never mind, papa, I can wait," went sharper into my sensitiveness than I could well bear; for I heard the tremble in his voice, and saw the moisture in his eye. The little lip quivered a little too, and there came the least *souppçon* of a sigh from somewhere or other. Poor boy, he had talked of "the eleven," and of being a "dry bob," or a "water bob," and all the rest of it.

But I thought afterwards, supposing when the examiner asked, "Have you a family, Mr. Dash?" I had been compelled by veracity to answer, "No, sir, none!"

And supposing, when he asked, "Are you married?" I should have been in like manner necessitated to answer, "No!"

It is better as it is. Splash is welcome to the appointment, if I am welcome to my "six." And I dare say Arthur will be cared for, some day. As regards the new coat, I hope this paper may bring me a something towards repairing that outlay.

S. F. G.

LORD MACAULAY AS A BOY.

THE following anecdote of Lord Macaulay is taken from a letter written by a Scotch schoolboy during his vacation, to his father in Edinburgh, dated "Clapham, September 20th, 1810." After describing his journey from the house of his tutor in Norfolk, and his arrival at Clapham, he goes on—

"Mrs. Macaulay has got the finest family of children I ever saw. The eldest of them, a boy of about ten, came in at tea-time and shook hands with me. A little after, George (my companion from London) told him I was a Scotchman. He immediately got up, seized my hand, and shook it most heartily. Then a keen dispute arose between him and his sisters about Scotland and England. He insisted that he was a Scotchman, and should henceforth be called Tam instead of Tom. He called one of his sisters Jean, instead of Jane, and a young brother Jock, which put them both quite furious. It was good fun how fiercely they fought."

The writer of this used often to speak of Macaulay as the very cleverest boy he ever met, with one exception, the late John Gibson Lockhart. Both these boys were incessant readers.

Hines to a Departed Mother.

WRITTEN BY A PRISONER.

[The following poem was written by a prisoner in the Nottingham County Gaol, first upon his cell slate. We have the authority of the governor that it is a genuine production.]

SPIRIT of light! my mother! say,
What is thy nightly mission here?
Com'st thou to gild with holy ray
My cell so drear?

Thy place is where the seraphs sing,
Why leav'st thou then the joyous band?
Is it thy guardian love to bring,
And near me stand?

Yes, near me stand 'twixt dungeon walls!
Where only dark despair may be!
Just at the hour when twilight falls,
Thou com'st to me.

So soft thy presence o'er me steals,
Something of Heaven seems round me thrown;
Nor bolts nor bars my spirit feels
Thus near thine own!

As wrapt in thought my cell I pace,
Through gath'ring shades of eventide,
I feel thee ever in one place—
Close at my side.

If 'neath the sable pall of night,
Through weary hours I wakeful lie,
A fringe still hangs like halo bright,
For thou art nigh!

When memory hurls with deadly aim
Her shafts of fire that light my brain,
And thoughts like demons stir the flame,
And mock my pain;

When burning pangs their tortures lend,
And shame compels my head to bow,
Thy veil of splendour seems to rend,
To fan my brow!

As from my cheek I brush the tear,
And quell the grief that fain would rise,
I breathe thy name, and almost hear
Thy low replies,

Like waking echoes from those hours,
Ere death thy gentle soul unbound,
When oft we went to plant bright flowers
On churchyard mound.

And fancy still recalls thy sighs,
As when I paused midst childhood's joy
To gaze into thy tearful eyes,
A wond'ring boy.

There slumber'd he, my sainted sire;
The husband of thy early youth,
Whose breast, like thine, had caught the fire
Of holy truth:

His torch, too soon extinguished here,
Rekindled at his Saviour's throne,
With stronger gleams in holier sphere
To wait thine own.

And so the flame of thy pure love,
Like dying spark, the brighter shone,
Then hastened out, to join above
Its kindred one.

Long years have passed since that dark day
I saw thee folded in thy shroud,
And, borne from thy loved side away,
I wept aloud.

Ah! little deemed I then what thralls
Awaited my unwary feet,
To lure me on through faults and falls
Such woes to meet!

When first the snares around me grew,
And caused me oft in tears to stand
Perplexed and sad, I only knew
I missed thy hand.

But, hurrying on with reckless tread,
I came at last—ah, woeful day!
To paths where thou wouldst ne'er have led—
So hard the way!

And wandering down dark ruin's marge,
I sank into the treacherous tide,
To whirl along, as helmless barge
Doth roughly ride.

So long I struggled in the stream,
And stretched my nerveless hands in vain,
The shore all danced like mocking dream
Upon the brain!

While sunken rock, or lurking shoal,
So chafed and wore my weary breast,
That all became one ceaseless roll
Of dark unrest.

And now all bruised and cast aside,
I cower and groan beneath my guilt,
With joys all flown, and heart cleft wide,
And hopes unbuild.

Oh, mother mine! thou sainted one!
Say, can a cloud o'er shade thy bliss?
And dost thou chide thy erring son,
Yet, chiding, bless!

Fain would this heart, with all its woe,
Still fondly cling to one belief—
That thy pure breast can never know
A pang of grief.

Else, ah! what tears must then be thine,
When hovering o'er my pallet rude,
Blest visitant to this dark shrine
Of solitude!

Oh! might I pray, like guileless child,
As once I prayed when at thy knee,
For "gentle Jesus meek and mild,"
To "pity" me!

As then my little hands I raised
To Him whose love like thine was nigh;
While prayer from infant altar blazed
Like incense high—

So now, while it is called to-day,
If brief elapse might still be mine,
How would I, childlike, go to pray
At Calvary's shrine,

If, haply, there, that wondrous Tree
Of Life might drop a cooling leaf
To calm my throes and set me free
From guilt and grief.

Ah, then! all cleansed and all forgiven,
With passport free to thy dear side,
Nor powers of hell, nor earth, nor heaven
Might more divide.

Varieties.

SOLAR SPOTS AS CONNECTED WITH TEMPERATURE.—While 1859, 1860, and 1861 were very rich in spots, 1859 and 1861 were warm years, and 1860 a very cool one; while, coming to a more recent date, 1867, with few spots, was very cold, 1868, with an increased, but yet moderate number of spots, was extraordinarily hot.

G. F. C.

FRENCH CONSTITUTIONS.—In the course of the past eighty years France has been governed by nine Constitutions, some voted by large majorities. It is only the Constitution of Napoleon III. that was admitted to be "perfectible"; all the others were perfect, and meant to be perpetual. The "immortal" Constitution of 1791 lasted two years, and was set aside for that of 1793. Then came the Constitution of the Year 3, which struggled on till the Year 8; the Constitution of the Year 8, modified in the Years 10 and 12, was set aside on the establishment of the Life Consulate and Empire. Next came the Charter of 1814, with the first return of the Bourbons; then, on the return of Napoleon from Elba, the *Acte Additionnel* of 1815; then the Charter of 1830, which was abolished in 1848. This Constitution was believed by its framers to be of such lasting material that M. Dupin himself wrote an elaborate commentary upon it. It was meant for immortality, but did not survive 1852. The Constitution of 1852 has been already modified, and will undergo more serious changes.

POST-OFFICE STATISTICS.—The number of letters delivered in the United Kingdom in 1868 was in round numbers 808,118,000, an increase of 4.29 per cent. over the number in 1867. This gives an average of 26 letters to each person, 149 to each house; in England 30 letters to each person, in Scotland 24, in Ireland 10. The number of book packets, newspapers, and pattern packets delivered by post in the United Kingdom in 1868 advanced to 105,845,000, an increase of 3.49 per cent. over the number in the previous year. The depositors in Post-office savings-banks at the end of the year 1868 were 965,154, an increase of 12.8 per cent. over the preceding year: the balance due to depositors, £11,666,655, showed an increase of 19.6 per cent. The total number of depositors in Post-office savings-banks and the old savings-banks is 2,336,654, or one to every 13 persons, showing an increase of 97,307. The number of policies effected with the Government through the Post-office increased from 1,485 at the close of 1867 to 1,789 at the close of 1868; the amount insured from £111,437 to £134,824. The number of immediate annuities from 551 to 874: the amount from £12,393 a year to £18,789. The number of deferred annuities from 137 to 160; and the amount from £2,574 to £2,971. On the other hand, the amount for which money orders were issued fell from £19,282,109 in 1867 to £19,079,162 in 1868, a decrease of about one per cent., due to the distribution of the parliamentary grant for education by the Privy Council office being no longer made by means of money orders. Only £115,827 of this grant was thus distributed in 1868, as against £502,960 in 1867.—*Postmaster-General's Report.*

LADYBIRD VISITATION.—The following remarks appeared in "Land and Water," concerning the unusual swarms of ladybirds in England during the hot weather in August:—"Three thousand three hundred and sixty years ago the locusts went up all over the land of Egypt, and rested in all the coasts of Egypt; very grievous were they. They covered the face of the whole earth, so that the land was darkened, and they did eat every herb of the land." Such is the picture of the marvellous flights of insects sent by divine mission in the time of Moses. Although the days of miracles may be said to have passed, such a wondrous event as the arrival of vast hosts of ladybirds upon our coasts cannot fail to strike the contemplative mind with a feeling far more analogous to awe than idle curiosity. Our ancestors regarded these flights of ladybirds with superstition, and trembled at them as forerunners of some direful evil. The French peasants, recognising something more than an ordinary assemblage of insects, call them 'Bêtes de la Vierge,' 'Vaches à Dieu.' The south-east corner of England has within the last few days witnessed a flight of insects reminding us of the locusts of Egypt. These locusts of old were sent as a plague upon man. The ladybirds of to-day are sent as a blessing to man. They come to destroy the aphides or 'plant lice,' the pests of the hop plants, a convincing proof (as has been remarked in a Bridgewater Treatise) of 'a superintending power which ordains checks and counterchecks to remedy the superfecundity of the

insect world.' Man, when opposed face to face with some of nature's powers—in their ordinary action insignificant—is but a poor helpless creature. He may defend himself against and come off victorious in a battle with a lion, or a tiger, or an elephant, but when matched against overwhelming clouds of insects, his vaunted power at once ceases. Fortunately the ladybirds come as his friends; imagine them to come as his enemies! Imagine what would happen if they fell upon and devoured his corn ready for the sickle, his turnips now in luxuriant growth, or his hops, the pride and ornament of the garden land of Kent. No. These little insects are sent in vast armies as the servants and fellow-workers of man, as destroyers of another insect, and as an antidote to a blight, which of itself would defy human interference. Whence these ladybirds came, and where they were hatched, whether in Central Russia, France, or Germany, and how they managed to fly with feeble wings across the sea between England and the Continent, no human being knows." The largest flight of these insects was observed on Friday, the 13th of August, and the two following days. The "Times" says:—"Ramsgate, Broadstairs, the surrounding country, and many parts of Margate, were visited with millions of the insects known as ladybirds on Friday and Saturday last. On Sunday morning the streets and roads in and about Ramsgate and Broadstairs, and the dresses of all persons going into the open air, were covered with them. Opposite the market-place in Ramsgate men were shovelling them down the large grating into the sewer. So thickly were they spread over the ground that the streets seemed covered with red sand. The people coming out of St. George's Church, Ramsgate, at ten minutes before one o'clock on Sunday, were covered with the insects before they had proceeded many yards. In the metropolis on Sunday, and particularly in Westminster, near the Abbey, in Paddington, and in Stratford, vast swarms of these insects were seen, and children were collecting them in their hands and filling paper bags with them. On Monday and Tuesday the footpaths in Stepney were covered with them. The insects evidently came from the east, at Ramsgate and Broadstairs, on Sunday. It is a curious coincidence that there was a similar visitation at Ramsgate, Margate, Broadstairs, Southend, and surrounding coast, on August 13th, 1847. The sea then destroyed countless millions of them; the grass and hedgerows and every crevice that afforded shelter from the wind were coloured with them."

ANGLO-AMERICAN BOAT RACE.—The duration of the great international race of August 27, over the usual course of four miles three furlongs, from Putney to Mortlake, was—

Oxford	22 minutes 40 seconds
Harvard	22 " 46 "

Oxford thus won by six seconds, the distance in advance being "from half to three-quarters of a length clear." The whole course is about 550 boat lengths. For nearly two miles the Harvard crew kept the lead. They started at the rate of forty-five strokes a minute, the Oxford crew keeping to the old steady rate of forty or under. Such a defeat was no discredit to the American crew.

WHALE CHASE.—A correspondent of the "Times" witnessed an extraordinary scene last July, when yachting in the north. This morning (July 23) at about three o'clock A.M., while sleeping on board my yacht, the *Water Lily*, in Stornoway harbour, I was awoke by a loud noise of men shouting and hammering near the yacht. I went on deck immediately, when I observed a number of men in three or four boats attempting to drive a shoal of large fish (numbering, perhaps, 200) towards the shore. The fish, which were evidently of the whale species, were blowing, and constantly rising to the surface of the water; they turned towards the sea, and were closely followed by the boats, which shortly turned them again towards the mouth of the harbour. The movement was repeated several times, and after a while some other boats well manned appeared. The scene now became still more interesting, for the whales, being more hardly pressed, made a brilliant dash towards the sea, going away at a terrific pace in a straight course for the open sea; the speed appeared to be nothing less than forty miles an hour, the water rising in misty foam as they cut their way through it. The course the whales were taking left little hope for the success of their pursuers, but coming upon a point of land which shoaled the water a sudden turn to the right brought them again in the direction of the harbour. An hour or two soon passed; and the fishermen of Stornoway, becoming aware of what was going on, began to join in the chase, and a dozen boats were soon in pursuit, the whales now making away for the distant part of the bay, and, again baffled by the projecting points of land bending the course of the deep

water, returned upon their pursuers again and again. It was now nearly nine o'clock, and it appeared as if every human being in the town were bent on making the capture of so valuable a prize. Boats containing men, women, and children, flocked to the scene of action, and soon fifty rowing and sailing boats were engaged in the chase, and as the rowers became exhausted by the tremendous exertion of long-continued and fast rowing of heavy boats, they were relieved by relays from the people on shore. The numerous fishermen who first joined in the chase were replaced now by bakers, butchers, masons, carpenters, women, and children. The shops were closed and the town deserted; and so the hunt continued. Ten, eleven, twelve, and one o'clock came, and, certainly, if the inhabitants of these islands are as persevering and as indefatigable always as they have proved themselves to-day, they deserve to be the most prosperous people in the world. Not an instant were the whales permitted to rest; continually harassed, from having been timid in the extreme when first attacked, they now became careless of their enemy, and allowed themselves to be struck by the oars as they rushed past the boats to escape from the various creeks into which they had been pressed. At three o'clock P.M. they were dislodged from a position which they had maintained for some hours in a distant part of the bay or outer harbour, and were driven about a mile towards the inner harbour. Again they made several attempts to escape, but by an unlucky turn they rushed over shoal ground, and now the most exciting time of the day came. Maddened by the difficulty of moving in shallow water, the whales dashed frantically from side to side, raising the sea into violent breakers as though a gale had disturbed the water, rocking the small trading vessels to and fro as they approached. The boats now began to come up in numbers, the whales were blinded by the commotion they had created, thickening the shallow water. Having kept closely united during the whole day, the shoal now became divided; they seemed, as it were, to become at once bewildered, and allowed themselves to be goaded by the boats to the shore, to be despatched one by one by the fishermen. The chase lasted above thirteen hours. The value of the capture was estimated at upwards of £700.

UNDIRECTED LETTERS.—No fewer than 13,833 letters were posted during the year 1868 without any address, and of these 281 were found to contain money to the amount of £8,375.

ROUND THE WORLD.—With the means of locomotion at present in use a tour round the world may be made in 80 days. The itinerary is as follows:—Paris to New York, 11 days; to San Francisco (rail), 7; Yokohama (steamer), 21; Hong-Kong (steamer), 6; Calcutta (steamer), 12; Bombay (rail), 3; Cairo (steamer and rail), 14; Cairo to Paris (steamer and rail), 6; total, 80. Of that immense route, the only portion on which steam is not used is about 140 miles between Allahabad and Bombay, and that interruption will shortly cease, as the works for completing the railway are being carried on actively.

THEODORE OF ABYSSINIA'S SON.—A respected member of the Society of Friends thus describes what he saw of the son of King Theodore:—"A short time since, whilst on a tour for health in the south of England, a very pleasant hour was spent with the young son of the late King Theodore, of Abyssinia, and his kind caretakers, Captain Speedy and his wife and sister. Alamayu is about eight and a half years of age, of a tall and thin figure; he is an intelligent-looking child, with round face and bright eyes; his complexion is not so dark as the negro, neither is there the thick lip. He appears a sweet, docile, and affectionate child; he is making some progress in his studies, reading, writing, etc., but *delights* in active pursuits, especially riding, in which he excels the captain. He is evidently beloved by, and very fond of, his adopted parents: he calls the captain Abba. He nurse, Kassa, from the same country, is a very interesting and intelligent man—we believe, a Christian. He is making good progress in reading the Scriptures in English; the dear youth likewise; and their retention of knowledge imparted is very striking. Alamayu can read the Testament *well* in his native tongue, and he fetched and showed with pleasure, not only his departed mother's New Testament, printed by the Bible Society, but also an ancient copy of the Book of Psalms in Ethiopic, written on parchment, with wooden covers, which belonged to his mother. Neither the captain nor Alamayu could read the latter, more than here and there a word. There appears good reason to believe that his departed mother was a sincere Christian, and his friends are earnest to keep the remembrance of her present with her son. Her desire was strong, as expressed to the captain in her last days, that her son should be educated in the principles of Christianity, and become a sincere and humble follower of Christ."

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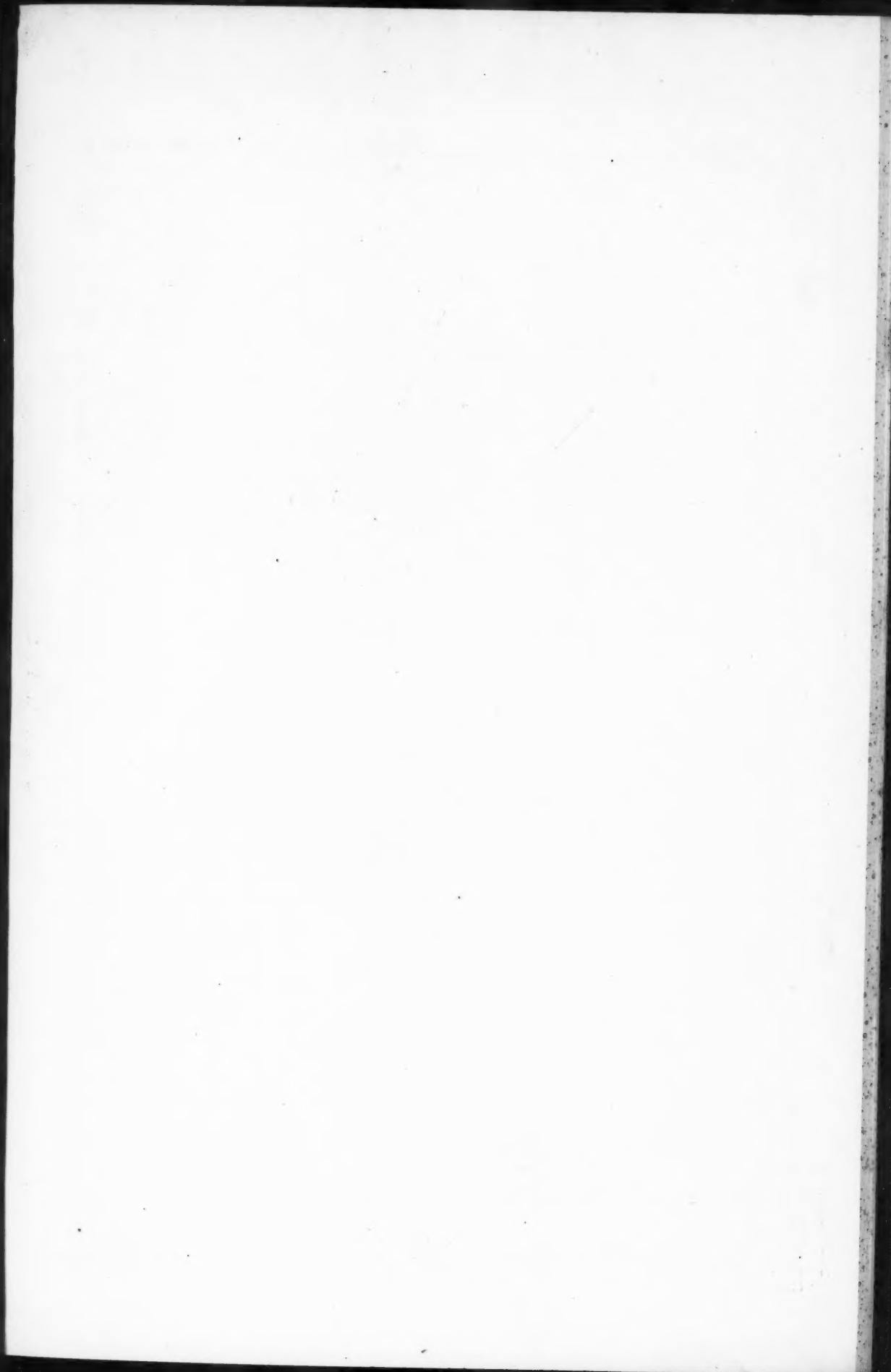
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